

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

PUBLISHERS: GEORGE KNAPP & CO.
Charles W. Knapp, President and General Manager.
George L. Allen, Vice President.
W. B. Carr, Secretary.
Office: Corner Seventh and Olive Streets.
(REPUBLIC BUILDING)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
DAILY AND SUNDAY—SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK.
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.

Per year.....\$2.00
28 months.....\$3.00
Three months.....\$1.00
Any three days except Sunday—one year.....\$2.00
Sunday, with Magazine.....\$2.00
Special Mail Edition, Sunday.....\$1.75
Sunday Magazine.....\$1.25

BY CARRIER—ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS
Per week, daily only.....6 cents
Per week, daily and Sunday.....11 cents

TWICE-A-WEEK ISSUE.

Published Monday and Thursday—one year.....\$1.00
Remit by bank draft, express money order or registered letter.

Address: THE REPUBLIC,
St. Louis, Mo.

~~Selected~~ communications cannot be returned under any circumstances.

Entered in the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

DOMESTIC POSTAGE PER COPY

Eight, ten and twelve pages.....1 cent
Sixteen, eighteen and twenty pages.....1 cent

Twenty to twenty-eight pages.....2 cents
Thirty pages.....3 cents

IN EUROPE

The Republic is on file at the following places:

LONDON—The Strand Building, Northumberland Avenue, room 7.

PARIS—19 Boulevard des Capucines; corner Place de l'Opéra and 13 Rue Cardinet.

BERLIN—Eduard Gehrke, 15 Friedrichstrasse.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS,

Bell.....Kinloch
Courtney-Brown.....Main 2018.....A 62
Editorial Reception-Room.....Main 2058.....A 63

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905.

Vol. 97.....No. 341

Circulation During May.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual and total paid and complete copies of The Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of May, 1905, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1.....	102,600	17.....	101,720
2.....	102,210	18.....	102,700
3.....	101,710	19.....	101,320
4.....	101,620	20.....	101,870
5.....	101,850	21 (Sunday).....	124,000
6.....	101,950	22.....	101,470
7 (Sunday).....	125,000	23.....	102,120
8.....	102,180	24.....	101,400
9.....	102,030	25.....	102,450
10.....	101,710	26.....	101,270
11.....	101,850	27.....	101,250
12.....	101,250	28 (Sunday).....	101,850
13.....	101,470	29.....	101,970
14 (Sunday).....	123,810	30.....	101,670
15.....	102,120	31.....	101,500
16.....	101,500		
Total for the month.....	3,256,829		
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed.....	63,903		
Net number distributed.....	3,192,927		
Average daily distribution.....	102,294		

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unused during the month of May was 12.44 per cent. W. B. CARR.

Swear to and subscribed before me this 21st day of May.

My term expires April 22, 1905.

THE NEW TRADESMAKER

The Indian Territory is beginning to find herself. Her trade, which has always been large and profitable, has suddenly become a prize to be striven for. Homeseekers, not waiting for the Government to act on stately or other permanent form of civil organization, are pouring into a land which seems to be especially favored in the gifts that make for successful agriculture. Already, even while the people are facing annoying restrictions and complicated problems of taxation, money is free, development is almost magic in its rapidity and the future appears to be secure.

Up to this time, by reason of its large market and its excellent railroad facilities, St. Louis has controlled the bulk of the trade that has come out of the Indian country. That the people of the Territory prefer the St. Louis merchant and his methods is sure, but that the railroad facilities are excellent and no course of constant improvement cannot be doubted, but the commercial leaders of this town must not rest idle in the imagination what has been done.

With the sudden increase of its trade value the Indian Territory is holding and will be invaded by the commercial advance agent of every city that has goods to sell. The factors of situation, the meeting of competition and the extension of railroads will soon cut out a composite that has been at least wholly the possession of St. Louis and which by careful fostering may be guarded and made to grow out of the bounds of what would now appear to be unassimilable figures.

Commercially, the Indian Territory is surely on the map. It is seen to be reckoned with as a keen saw of a Southern Illinois. It is naturally rich almost beyond belief. To the center of it by rail from St. Louis is a market of little more than a night's ride. Symptomatic attention to its growing needs, coupled with an energetic following up of all resources already possessed, will present a great trade to St. Louis and will, in a decade to come, half those of commercial revenue.

Begun this morning The Republic will print a series of short articles from a staff correspondent sent to the Indian Territory. "The Tribal Tax," the country's resources, its present condition and future possibilities will be taken up in an effort to explain what the Territory means as a tradesman.

DEMOCRATIC MR. FAIRBANKS.

For the most interesting case presented by my presidential candidate at this writing is that of Vice President Fairbanks. Not very long ago it was Elihu Root who attracted notice. Then Taft came while sitting on the San Domingo hill and while attempting to kick over the tariff wall demanded attention. Now comes the Vice President with his declaration that he will retire to a farm for the summer. "I like farming" he says.

FAIRBANKS.

Which is obviously right. It is not only right, it is prudential. All kinds and conditions of candidates, even those who run on their war records, have been careful to like farming and to say so. In looking over the utterances of Presidents and candidates we find this to be a characteristic. Mr. Fairbanks has struck a major fundamental, so to speak.

Unfortunately at the very moment when he is committing this splendid stroke of presidential prudence a criticism comes of his conduct at the Pan-American Exposition where jealous persons observe, he was escorted in the opening exercises by two full companies of gayly and fashionably accoutered troops; and the charge is that it amounted to bold and ostentatious imperialism.

Nothing could be meaner than that construction.

Everybody must be convinced that this plain man of the plain people would have dispensed with the pose and parade if possible. He would, if he could, have marched out to the inaugural ceremonies in a straw hat and jeans overalls with a hoe over his shoulder, a wisp of sweet hay between his lips, and a "howdy" for every man he met.

Mr. Fairbanks should rout his critics with a good old-fashioned back-slapping campaign. By vigorous "mixing" he can offset and overcome any prejudice excited by his militaristic and imperialistic airs. Let him talk in plain language now and then, after the style of Uncle Joe Cannon and even "hairy" a bit of home-grown twist from a rustic bystander in a confidential manner, implying a distrust of "store-tickerader." Mr. Fairbanks could be really very democratic if he would only let it come out.

PROBABILITIES OF PEACE.

If the Grand Dukes, uncles and Admirals counseled peace the Czar may be confidently expected to give the final and authoritative word. The Czar himself has been only by a few expected to be obstinate enough to favor prolongation of the war, but even if he were thus inclined he would not likely brook the consequences of a refusal to heed international pressure and moral influence at this time without a strong war party to fall back upon. Added to the enumerated influences favoring peace are Russia's financial backers and holders of securities, whose insistence has probably become strenuous and acute since the fight in Korea Straits.

Until yesterday, when a report came that the controlling influences about the throne favored consideration of the peace suggestion, Russia had seemed to be a marvel of purblindness and obstinacy. With revolts at the front, with riots at home, without a convincing force on land, without a vestige of argument at sea, without funds and without credit, with a Czar afraid to show his head to the people, with a detected dictator wheeling, so to speak, the knot, Russia nevertheless doggedly announced an intention to prolong a war which had spelled nothing but death, defeat and disaster, and promised no victory. The Russian Government seemed to ask a mitigation of fate. It presented either the ultimate instance of malevolent desperation or the supreme example of foiledby optimism.

The question inevitably occurs now, What will peace mean for the Russian Government?

Peace cannot restore lost prestige. In any event Russia emerges from the conflict much smaller in the world's eyes. The mere loss of its territory and its Eastern ports will not enter much into the world's calculation. The curtailment is not inconsistent with future development, power and international influence, but the losses will be vital as affecting Russia's position with reference to the Oriental situation, the solution of the problem of China. Russia becomes practically less of a nation by reason of diminishing strategic holds, and through defeat ceases to be a terror on all its borders.

But the Government's, the bureaucracy's, greatest loss is at home. It faces the people with a record of defeat. It is a discredited and despised administration, so to speak. It will have a mountainous indemnity to pay, which is to levy.

It addresses itself to a public in which the revolutionary impulse has thrived of late, in which the demands for democratic government have strengthened prodigiously. Dispensing the populace, shooting into the mob, suppressing the Zemstros, arrest without accusation, banishment without hearing, utter refusal to treat with the people's petitions, the incitements of an imperfectly censored press, and the harangues of agitators—these things have made a difference in the popular animus during the past few months. It is a changed public and a better educated public which the ministry has to face.

Russia has been exhibiting the strongest symptoms of a climax between oppression and submission of the issue of democracy which can have no one result when the test comes. Russia has seemed to be repeating but with few variations the history of the French people of a little over a century ago. Russia has seemed to be in labor. Peace now may delay the birth of liberty and republican government; but if it is to be delayed to any considerable extent there must come a radical modification of monarchial or bureaucratic rule, an abatement of rigors based upon a shrewd estimate of popular tendencies. The probabilities are decidedly against any compromise between the throne and the people, and Russia is likely to have to fight its way out to freedom and democracy after the fashion of France. Peace may or may not assure for a time the temper and turbulence of the revolutionists. There is no telling when the column, driven cattle will wake up and stampede.

No chain of roses 'round my head,
But smiles of merry girls instead;
For Samson who from dragons pored,
Was sweetmeats from the private board
Of one to whom is fifty given
The sweetest name of earth or heaven;

And of other, young as yet,
And fair as spring's first violet;
And one whose quaint name half belies
Her fair brown hair and soft blue eyes;
So simple with laughing youth,
I quote from my gray hairs truth.

The shadow of my life's long date
Runs backward on Time's dial-plate;
I read as when my youth began—
The boy still lives within the man.
I count myself like yonder tree,
How many winters passed and worn.

Girt by its gaily company
Of flowers, and as old as sun.

The voice of Speech.

Leon Mehl in the Booklover Magazine.

Periodically there seems to arise a demand for an eloquent pronoun. Hence the orator, plainer this or that, thinner this or here have been suggested, evidently by some facetious person who has no respect for the English language. Mr. C. C. Converse's word has been approved by eminent philologists and is to be found in the recent dictionaries, but it does not seem to grow in popularity. Another, the "tribal tax," has been proposed for the improvement of its public works, that it may not, in fact, require an incorporation town established on the basis of a county, but a collection of towns, the taxes to be paid to the municipality and not to the state. The Indian merchant is not taxed, some notion of the feeling of resentment can be gained.

He is not assisted in the processes of government. He can, however, be taxed and governed white. It is no wonder that the merchants object to this form of "taxation without representation" to white men.

White merchant and his assistants make the unanswerable reply: "It is the law."

That the tax will be paid is conceded by the white merchants. A few of them have already complied with the department's demands. Others—the great majority—are represented in Washington by their agents.

Thus, this morning asks that Mr. Hitchcock postpone action in relation to the tribal tax until the United States Congress adjourns. This is the same case now before him. The situation is the same as it was before he came to St. Louis. He has a voice of delightful lyric quality and sings with great feeling. His programme was particularly well chosen and proved interesting in its relation to the history of music as he touched on composers along certain lines in many countries.

He is a relative of Miss Burleigh, a member of the family, and has many warm friends in St. Louis who have met him during their summers in the East and who were delighted to welcome him as a singer in Missouri. The musicologist agent of the tribe has passed upon his right to receive license.

Colonel Wm. Zevely of Missouri, Washington and Muskego, lives here at this time. He sees nothing but greatness in the immediate future of the Territory.

He feels that the problems of its governmental destiny will be worked out speedily and with only good results to the best citizen of him—every month thousands of him—coming to the new country—thousands of him—every month. Riding across the country in the direction of Tishomingo this afternoon, Colonel Zevely pointed to the corn, breast high, side by side with cotton and strawberry plants not patches—all clean and fine to the eye.

"Where's there a country that can do that?" he asked. "Cotton and cotton, plants fresh in the fall, early spring—all while the land is underdeveloped and the permanent form of government under way."

The prospects are really alluring, even without the race-colored spectacles of the observer. It would seem that no prediction of the future can be more accurate than that the Indian Territory, to-morrow, will be a great center of wealth and power.

There should be in words, seriously considered, what President Taft said in his speech to the Indian Territory. "The tribal tax," the country's resources, its present condition and future possibilities will be taken up in an effort to explain what the Territory means as a tradesman.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

There is a dreadful tale which I have told before in another place. It was given me as authentic, to illustrate the condition of the priesthood of the Orthodox church. Let it be a picture. A hut, in which a man dwelt, seated with bear feet to his nose, the last sacrament to be administered to him. The shaggy, uncouth page comes, and the bear is laid to rest, but the priest will get to his work and unbuckle the poor soul to be washed for the last time. The priest can do it for him. But the old bear is dead, and the priest is not.

He agreed to stand by him.

He was cautioned by his friends to provide

against starvation before he took train

for Muskogee. First of all he took train

to Muskogee, with a swift change

of cars, and then with a slow drag to

the end of the line, to Okmulgee.

There he was to be washed for the last time.

He was to be washed in a tub, and then

washed with limes of the valley.

Miss Simpson wore white silk shirt and lace,

and a shower bouquet of pink roses.

ERIEHILL SHELDON.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Sheldon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Sheldon, was held at the home of the bride, No. 235 Palmetto Avenue. The bride was attired in white chiffon. A wedding dinner followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon departed for a trip west, and on their return they will reside at their new home.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Linda Epstein and Mr. Jacob P. Fox, which will take place at Belmont, June 20. It will be a quiet wedding, as only the near relatives are invited. After returning from a trip to sea-shore resorts the young couple will begin housekeeping in their new home, No. 211 West Morgan street.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Giralden Parish's concert on Fri-

Continued on Next Page.

Candy Plant at Auction.

Anthoness Schick will sell today, begin-

ning